

ONLY ME.

A little figure glided through the hall. "Is that you, Pet?"—the words came under a sob-suppressed to let the answer fall—"It isn't Pet, mamma; it's only me." The quivering baby lips—she had not meant to utter any word could plant a sting; But to that mother's heart a strange pang went. She heard, and blood like a convicted thing.

One instant, and a happy little face Thrilled with untroubled bliss came above; And, from that moment, Only Me had place And part with Pet in tender mother love.

A ROBBER'S PRIZE.

It was no wonder I loved her; the woe would have been if I had not—isolated as we were, shut out from other society or diversions; I young and susceptible, she queenly and fascinating.

She was two years my senior. She had been a belle two seasons, and, disgusted in the midst of the third, ran away to my aunt's to recruit and forget. She was there when I came home from school at the summer vacation. I was twenty, she was twenty-two, and we spent all those lingering scented summer months in the same house. I dare say she never thought of anything so improbable as my falling in love with her.

Her look when I confessed the state of my heart said all that and more. The regal head turned languidly on the crimson cushion against which she reclined, and she regarded me with a most provoking, steady incredulity in her beautiful face. The full, finely cut lips quivered with suppressed smiling.

"Does any honest love deserve to be laughed at, Miss Ruth?" I questioned, with a half angry tremor in my voice.

"Certainly not," said Miss Ruth. "I dare say you are honest enough, but you're not old enough."

Ruth Bonange sank back among her cushions, convulsed with laughter. I stood meanwhile, every nerve tingling, passions of anger devouring me.

"Miss Ruth," I said, "I am waiting for my answer."

"You ridiculous Steve, haven't you got it?" she said, sitting up and staring at me.

"You won't laugh the next time I tell you I love you, Miss Ruth," I said to myself as she gathered her silken draperies around her and swept into the house.

"A gentleman in the parlor to see Miss Bonange," I heard the one servant my aunt kept say.

Miss Bonange was lounging the morning away in my aunt's room! She seemed to hesitate two minutes, nervously pulling to pieces the card Peggy had brought her, then with her proudest mien swept from the room.

Stepping through the window I carefully gathered the fragments of torn pasteboard from the carpet and put them together on the palm of my hand.

"Richard Dunkirk, Esq.," was what I read.

"It is her lover!" My brow throbbed at the thought.

The door slammed. "She is coming," I thought, and fled to the veranda again, just in time to hear her voice in tones of expostulation answered by another's, icy with sternness.

Hers said haughtily:

"I would never marry you were I thrice as much in your power as I am!"

"Who then?" was the response in accents of slow sarcasm.

"No matter, so it is a man more manly than you."

I could hear her quick drawn breath and the angry rustle of her dress as she moved away from him. It was cowardly to stand there eavesdropping. I felt so, but I set my teeth and staid.

"If I were a man," I heard her say presently, "I would force you to yield me my property."

"Your property! These are mine—made mine by yourself, a free agent."

"What will you do with them?"

"Present them to my wife on my wedding day, or, that failing, to your husband on yours."

I could have sprung into the room and throttled this cowardly threatener of a woman; but instead I slipped a sash of the veranda, and, leaping down among the flower beds, hurried out of sight and hearing. Half an hour after I saw a handsome, rather distinguished looking man stalking through the garden path toward the road. I made a turn and met him. The distinguished look changed to a sort of daredevil recklessness of air and manner as I approached him, and he seemed decidedly out of humor.

I lifted my hat courteously as we passed; he did the same, with a half impudent stare, turning to look after me as I ascended up the walk.

I found Richard Dunkirk, Esq., angling in the trout stream below the house the next morning. I angled, too—not for trout, but for his acquaintance. He scowled at sight of me, but I baited my hook cleverly and presently he became civil. I saw that he was trying to discover who I was and my relations with Miss Bonange.

We separated with apparent mutual pleasure in each other. We encountered again the following day, quite like old acquaintances, and I invited him to dine at my aunt's. He gave a sort of startled stare, but assented. It was too good an opportunity to be lost.

"An acquaintance of yours, I believe, Miss Ruth," I said simply as I carelessly announced to her and my aunt that Mr. Dunkirk had come to dinner.

Miss Bonange had seemed out of sorts for a day or two. She gave me a half desperate look at the announcement.

"You see I am not jealous, Miss Ruth," I said in an undertone.

"You are certainly generous," she replied coldly.

I was half of the opinion that she would not come to dinner; but she did. We were on the whole quite a pleasant party. Dunkirk spent the evening rather in my solicitation. Once or twice I saw Miss Bonange change color at something he said, but she staid in the parlor and maintained her ease and

cheerfulness exceedingly well. He offered a hand at parting, but she shook her head. He bent toward her then, saying something in a whisper that made her face whiten.

Glancing into the parlor as I passed, after seeing Dunkirk out, I saw Miss Bonange standing as he had left her, hands clasped behind her, and her beautiful face expressive of a hopelessness and despair that smote me to the soul.

The look gave impetus to a half formed, altogether wild scheme I had in my brain. In my chamber I hastened to lock the door and change my light clothes for dark ones. I adjusted a plain mask to my face, selected from several old hats the most battered, took a tolerably stout walking stick in my hand, and, swinging myself down from my window outside that the household might not discover my absence, set forth.

By taking a short cut, which I was sure could not be known to Richard Dunkirk, Esq., I reached a certain lonely spot, as I hoped, before him. He came in sight presently, sauntering along in the moonlight; I waited and wondered if Richard Dunkirk, Esq., was the coward I took him to be.

Just as he came opposite me I leveled my walking stick, resting it as I would a musket across a convenient stump, while I called in as deep a voice as I could muster:

"Halt for your life!"

Mr. Dunkirk muttered an oath, but he stopped stock still in the path, with a "What is it you want, fellow?"

"Step there into that strip of moonlight. Be so good as to deposit the contents of your pockets upon the ground."

He hesitated, but I shifted my walking stick slightly, intimating that I was in no humor for trifling, and he proceeded to obey me.

There were a knife, a watch case, a silver toothpick, a few loose coins, a shrunken pocketbook and a collapsed purse, and there he stopped.

"That is not all," I said sharply.

With a groan he took out a small parcel.

"All upon my honor, but this, which cannot possibly be of any value to any one but me; they are merely letters."

"Allow me to be the judge of that," I answered. "Put them down."

He laid them down upon the ground with the rest.

"Pass on," was my next order, and he marched off past my wooden gun in safety.

I did not wait for him to get more than beyond view before I had the contents of his pockets in my hat and was steering for home by the short cut.

I waited a week in some trepidation to see what would chance. Much chanced in that time, but no Richard Dunkirk, Esq.

Possibly he felt unequal to meeting Miss Bonange's clear, penetrating glance under the circumstances, or he might have suspected her of some connection with the robbery, especially as everything excepting the letters (the cudgel included) I had caused to be expressed to him from a distant city.

Miss Bonange evinced a little wondering anxiety at his disappearance, and looked incredulous when I announced his departure from that vicinity.

She was sitting in the old place, half reclining among the cushions she liked, when I came softly beside her and laid the avails of my highway robbery in her silken lap.

She slipped the cover that bound them, her beautiful lips quivered, her face whitened.

"Did he give them to you, the dastard. But better you than he!" she flashed.

For answer I told her all.

"And do you know the contents?"

"Nor wish to."

She began to tremble; her eyes filled with tears.

"Please to read them, Steve," giving them back to me.

"Do you want to preserve them?" I asked, taking out a match. "Shall I destroy them?"

"Not if—I have fallen in your good respect, Steve."

"My good respect is nothing to you," I said coldly. "If it were I would prove to you that you had it by telling you over again the tale you laughed at not so long ago." And I touched the letters with flame.

"I should not laugh now," she said humbly and looking down, while a faint color flickered on her cheek.

"What would you do?" I demanded.

She shrank a little, then lifted the beautiful eyes to mine and said:

"I should say if you were of the same mind two years from now?"

"You would be my wife?"

"Yes."

She is my wife now, and I have never regretted my one robbery.—C. C. in New York News.

Snails as an Article of Diet.

Upward of 100,000 pounds of snails are eaten every day by the residents of the gay French capital, the snail market being the busiest industrial mart in Paris.

One "snailery" in the province of Dijon yields its proprietor 7,000 francs per year. At this place they are carefully reared in small gardens and fed on an aromatic herb which gives them a fine flavor. Many Swiss cantons also have large snail gardens and depend chiefly on the people of Paris for a market. Snails are also used as an article of food in Austria, Spain and Italy as well as in Egypt and the other countries on the Mediterranean's southern shore.

Hygienists claim that they are very nutritive, containing not less than 17 per cent. of nitrogenous matter.—St. Louis Republic.

Seen Not Far from New York.

Interesting orthographic oddities now and then meet the eye upon the outskirts of New York. "Fryed" chicken is advertised in staring black letters at a "basket" picnic ground on the heights above Fort Lee. A resort near Fort George announces "Genuine Rhode Island clambakes for parties made here to order." On a tight closed shanty hard by some one has painted in letters that betray an unskilled hand, "Danger powder dynamite."—New York Sun.



Mrs. Amanda Patsley

For many years an esteemed communicant of Trinity Episcopal church, Newburgh, N. Y., always says "Thank You" to Hood's Sarsaparilla. She suffered for years from Eczema and Scalding sores on her face, head and ears, making her deaf nearly a year, and affecting her sight. To the surprise of her friends.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Has effected a cure and she can now hear and see as well as ever. For full particulars of her case send to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

HOOD'S PILLS are hand made, and are perfect in condition, proportion and appearance.

This Week,

we shall have on sale the following

Special Bargains,

Boys' Suits, ages 4 to 14 yrs

\$1.98 value \$3.00.

Bargain Comfortables,

\$2.98 value \$4.00.

Table Cloths, colored border 8x10.

\$1.35.

Ladies' Mink Scarfs.

\$2.98 value \$5.00.

Toilet Sets, 10 pieces,

\$5.00.

Reeler Jacks, length 34 in.

\$5.50.

Misses' Gretchen Clo. ks. size

6 to 14 years, light and dark

colors.

\$4.00 to \$7.00.

Lord & Taylor

Grand Street, New York.

BLOOMFIELD Savings Institution

JONATHAN W. POTTER, President.

JOSEPH K. OAKES, Vice-President.

Office: 7 Broad St., near Bloomfield Ave.

Hours, 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Also, Mondays from 7 to 9 P. M.

An abstract of the Annual Report made January 1, 1892, to the Board of Control of the State of New Jersey, and filed in the Department of the Secretary of State in pursuance of law.

STATEMENT JANUARY 1, 1892.

RESOURCES.

Bonds and mortgages \$154,400 00

Real Estate 2,000 00

U. S. and other bonds 31,384 00

Interest due and accrued 4,640 00

Office furniture, etc. 500 00

Cash in bank and office 19,976 57

\$217,890 57

LIABILITIES.

Due depositors (including interest) \$200,367 94

Surplus 17,522 63

\$217,890 57

Interest is credited to depositors on the first days of January and July in each year for the three and six months then ending. Deposits made on or before the first business day in January, April, July, and October, bear interest from the first day of the month. All interest when credited at once becomes principal and earns interest accordingly.

JOSEPH H. DODD, Treasurer.

GUSTAV BRUETT, CONTRACTOR.

Plain and Ornamental Gardener.

Residence, No. 9 Linden Ave., P. O. Box 361.

Grading, Curb Stones Set.

Drainage, Flag Walks Laid.

Macadamizing, Grounds Laid out.

Furniture and Pianos Carefully Moved.

ODORLESS EXCAVATING.

GENERAL TEAM WORK.

Special attention given to Moving Furniture and all kinds of Team Work.

A. B. McDUGALL and SON,

Undertakers and Funeral Directors,

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:

Brick Row, Bloomfield Avenue

Telephone 66. BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Personal Attention Day or Night.

Upholstering and Furniture Repaired at Short Notice.

MASONRY.

TILE HEARTHES and FACINGS, IMITATION STONE WALKS and FLOORS, and GENERAL JOBBING

Done in First-Class Manner by

A. W. BALDWIN,

No. 9 Willow St., BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

V. I. M.

Insures Perfect Fitting Shirts

Van Ness

437 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

Opp. M. & E. R. Depot.



KEEPING POSTED

is the duty of every man and woman. If you keep posted you will know how to save money. One dollar saved means two dollars earned.

We want your trade and are willing to make inducements to get your trade. As a starter how is this: Silver watches were \$10.00, now \$8.00; also some were \$12.00, now \$10.00.

Handsome Mantel Clocks, regular price \$4.00, now selling at \$2.00. Nickel Alarm Clocks, warranted for a year, \$1.00 each. Gentlemen's solid 14 K Gold Watches have been \$60.00, now reduced to 50.00, spot cash.

Ladies' Solid Gold 14 K American Watches have been \$40.00, now at 30.00 to 35.00, depending on the ornamentation.

J. KENDALL SMITH,
663 Broad Street, Newark.

October 3, 1892.
ESTATE OF ANNIE BALDWIN, DECEASED.—Pursuant to the order of John B. Dusenberry, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned Executors of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscribers under oath of affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscribers.

HAILEY M. BARRETT,
EDWIN M. WARD.

August 18, 1892.
ESTATE OF THOMAS ALBIONSON, DECEASED.—Pursuant to the order of John B. Dusenberry, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned Executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscribers under oath of affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscribers.

THOMAS H. ALBIONSON,
FREDERICK R. PILCH.

August 30, 1892.
ESTATE OF JOHN BAUSEWEIN, DECEASED.—Pursuant to the order of John B. Dusenberry, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned Executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscribers under oath of affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

AUGUST BAUSEWEIN.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT—NOTICE is hereby given that the accounts of the Subscriber, Assignee of George E. Stupphen, will be audited and stated by the Surrogate and reported for settlement to the Orphans' Court of the County of Essex, on Tuesday, the 22nd day of November next.

HARRY E. RICHARDS.

Dated September 15, 1892.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT—NOTICE is hereby given that the accounts of the Subscriber, Assignee of James A. Williams, will be audited and stated by the Surrogate and reported for settlement to the Orphans' Court of the County of Essex, on Tuesday, the 22nd day of November next.

GEORGE E. DECAP.

Dated September 15, 1892.

1858. 1892.

RUDOLPH BRUETT,

House and Sign

PAINTER.

Wall and Ceiling Painting,

Frescoing, Marbleing, Kalsomining, Glazing, etc.; also

Papering and Decorating

Done in the Best Manner.

Will be pleased to show my sample book of New Designs of Papers for 1892.

Samples of all different grades, with borders and friezes to match.

I will maintain my reputation for prompt and careful attention to all orders.

DEAFNESS

ITS CAUSES AND CURE.

Scientifically treated by an artist of world-wide reputation. Deafness eradicated and entirely cured, or from 20 to 30 years' standing after all other treatments have failed. How the difficulty is reached and the cause removed, fully explained in circulars, with affidavits and testimonials of cures from prominent people, mailed free.

DR. A. FONTAINE,

Tacoma, Wash.

C. F. HILLER,

Fancy Cake and Pie Bakery

CONFECTIONERY AND ICECREAM.

46 Dodd St., cor. of Kensington Place,

EAST ORANGE.

GEO. W. CADMUS,

Architect and Builder

Residence, Benson Street

Opp. Post-offices Box 54.

Plans drawn and estimates furnished.

L. S. Plaut & Co.'s WEEKLY BULLETIN.



The Break in the Wholesale Market Lowers Prices on Furs.

6.98	Fine French Cony Cape, satin lined, worth \$8.00.	4.48	French Cony Cape, 18 inches deep, of thoroughly good make, worth \$6.50.
9.98	French Seal Cape, very fine grade, worth \$13.00.	6.48	Real Stone Marten Neck Thibets, worth \$7.50.

The Break in the Wholesale Market and Our Dry Goods Prices.

Colored Dress Goods.

38c yd	All-wool Plaids, stripes and mixtures, every yard well worth 50c.	75c yd	54 inch handsome Scotch Cheviots, also plaids and stripes, value \$1.00.
29c yd	Camel's Hair Jacquards, in mixed effects, former prices 48c.	59c yd	50 inch All-wool Wide Wale Diagonals, regular 75c material.
98c yd	Handsome Iridescent Matelasse Suits, new two toned combinations, former price \$1.35.	1.48 yd	Special attention called to our handsome line of French Printed Henriettes, especially made for tea gowns and reception dresses. THERE IS NOTHING LIKE THEM IN NEWARK.